

PERSONAL

Hurt in the Mines

Sam M. Little, 17 years old, of Littleton, is employed in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. mines near Denver. He was injured yesterday in the mines while working on a fractured ankle and is being treated here. He was admitted to the Colorado State Hospital.

An Appeal to Wives

You know the terrible affliction that comes to many homes from the result of a drinking husband or son. You know of the money wasted on "Drink" that is needed in the home to purchase food and clothing. ORRINE has saved thousands of drinking men. It is a home treatment and can be given secretly. Your money will be refunded if no trial, it has failed to benefit. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Come in and get a free booklet and let us tell you of the good ORRINE is doing.

WEST PINE PHARMACY,
120 WEST MAIN STREET.

the aid of Resinol Soap, it quickly restores that cool, delightful feeling of perfect skin health. In even the most stubborn cases of eczema, rash or ringworm.

Bold by all druggists. For free trial, write to Dept. 12-M, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

It thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without hurting.

When **croup**, irritable cough, or breath is full, stomach sour, look at the **cough** mother. If **cough** shows a toxic taint of this harmless, non-laxative, and in a few hours all the foul, constipated water, some bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels.

**Woman Is As Old As
She Looks**

No woman wants to look old. Many in their effort to look youthful resort to the "beauty doctor's" prescriptions. Their mistake is that they visit the wedding department in the drug store. Beauty depends upon health.

Worry, skittish niggers, headaches, rashes, disorders, irregularities and weakness mark a distinctly feminine character in a short time being the duller, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders, and the falling hair.

To retain the appearance of youth you must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints, ask your druggist for

**DR. PIERCE'S
Favorite Prescription**

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of sickness and restores the beauty of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only look young, but feel young.

Your druggist can supply you. If he fails, ask a hotel, grocery and all sane-minded druggists. It is found in every household and every good medicine store. It is a tried and true remedy.

TOMORROW

LAST

145 West Main Street, Connellsville, Pa.

FOURTEEN BIG BUSY STORES.

You know the terrible affliction that comes to many homes from the result of a drinking husband or son. You know of the money wasted on "Drink" that is needed in the home to purchase food and clothing. ORRINE has saved thousands of drinking men. It is a home treatment and can be given secretly. Your money will be refunded if after a trial, it has failed to benefit. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Come in and get a free booklet and let us tell you of the good ORRINE is doing.

**WEST MAIN PHARMACY,
120 WEST MAIN STREET.**

DR. PIERCE'S
Favorite Prescription

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of **URIC ACID** emanates of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only look young, but feel young.

Your druggist can supply you 15 BOTTLES or ordered **FORWARDED** from **DR. J. C. PIERCE'S DISPENSARY**, 153 N. 2ND ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. and your letter will be mailed free.

THE DOORSTEP CHARITY CAUSES MUCH TROUBLE

Tender Hearted are Imposed
Upon Then Censure Or-
ganized Charities.

LATTER WEED OUT IMPOSITORS

Weekend Organization Needs Donations
of Children's Clothing and
Shoes. Those to Whom Donations
May be Reported Doing Big Work.

It is a fact that the door-step charity causes much trouble. The tender hearted are imposed upon then censure organized charities. The latter weed out impostors. The weekend organization needs donations of children's clothing and shoes. Those to whom donations may be reported are doing big work.

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KEEP LOOKING YOUNG.

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

This is the best of all medicines. It is easy to take. It is effective. It is safe. It is the best of all medicines. It is easy to take. It is effective. It is safe. It is the best of all medicines.

Try our classified advertisements.

RHEUMA WILL STOP URIC ACID DEPOSITS

Rheumatic Complications Checked
and the Human Sufferer Restored

The kidneys, bowels and skin are the human sewer. When they are clogged, uric acid is deposited in the muscles and joints and rheumatism follows. RHEUMA, the great enemy of all forms of the torrid disease, checks the deposits of uric acid.

VANDERBILT

VANDERBILT, Jan. 29. Mrs. Harry J. and Mrs. H. A. were calling on friends here yesterday. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller.

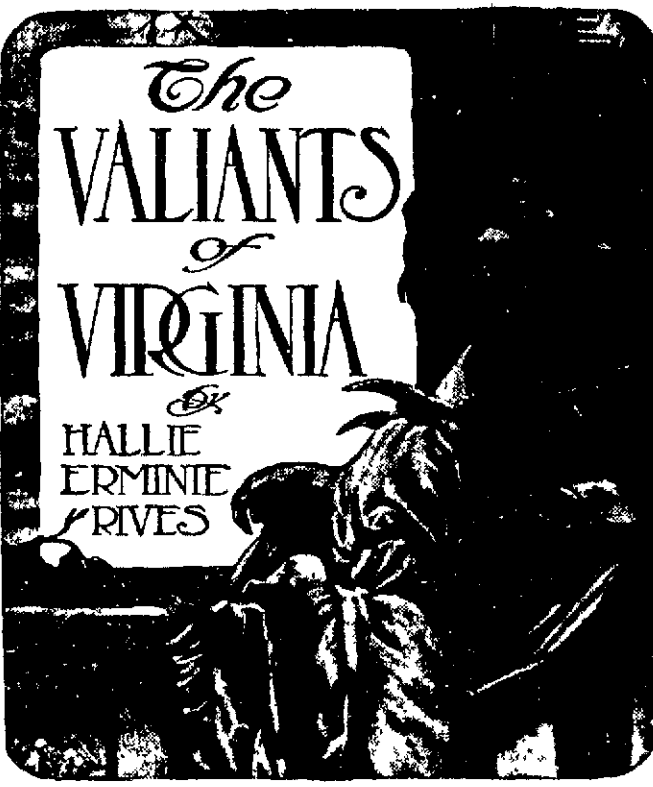
ROCKWOOD

ROCKWOOD, Jan. 29. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller.

STAR JUNCTION

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Take This Advice! Read



A Charming Love Romance of the Southland

YOU'LL agree that it is one of the best stories you have ever read. A delightful combination of love, adventure, mystery, action and clever characterization. One of the biggest successes ever produced by this popular author.

Our Next Serial First Installment Soon

**TOMORROW IS THE
LAST DAY OF THE**

"Rock Bottom" Sale

WE'LL EXPECT YOU

Brownell Shoe Co.

145 West Main Street, Connellsville, Pa.

FOURTEEN BIG BUSY STORES.

DICKERSON RUN.

DICKERSON RUN, Jan. 29. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Piquetteville was a caller.

**Sale Bills
PRINTED**

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

WEAR Horner's Clothing

Absolute Disposal of Every Garment in Stock.

KOBACKER'S

THE BIG STORE

PITTSBURG STREET, CONNELLSVILLE

Lowest Prices in Our History.

Final January Clearance Opportunities

The value-triumphs of this week will be outdone at this store tomorrow. The concluding day of our January Clearance Sale will find the store abundantly supplied with lots of seasonable and desirable garments at the smallest prices we've ever made known.

A veritable landslide of approval was shown all this week—an unmistakable demonstration in favor of the wonderful values and the store that made them possible.

Tomorrow, the first day of our January Clearance Sale, will rush out dozens of garments that we are determined not to take inventory on. It will be the last day of our January Clearance Sale and should have the presence of all who would profit to an extraordinary degree.

With your most vivid imagination to a living machine and yet you cannot get beyond the immense values that will sparkle into your eyes on coming to our store.

Come prepared. Our store tomorrow will be like a great clover field ripe with blossoms and every blossom has its honey bee.

More of these \$10.00 to \$12.50 Women's Winter Coats at	\$5.00	Made of chinchilla, striped tulle in two colors with separate or stitched. It at hips and at wrists. \$12.50 value. Most to close.	\$2.95
A special lot of sport coats for men in blue, black, and brown. Check of price. \$12.50 value. Most to close.	\$5.00	Women's \$5.00 to \$7.50 Skirts	\$2.95
Women's and Misses' \$22.50 to \$27.50 Winter Suits at	\$9.95	It is made of colored slates in both plain and dotted models. Among the material are: blue, black, navy, brown, etc. All sizes. Corduroys and mixtures. Most to close.	\$2.95
There are the first sort of winter coats to find in the city. It is a store of value. The material is of the best. The price is of the best. The price is of the best.	\$9.95	Juniors, \$12 to \$15 Coats at	\$5.00
Women's and Misses' \$17.00 and \$18.50 Dresses at	\$5.00	Juniors' coats fashioned out of ribbons and striking, Scotch material that so many of the southern little women admire with plush or silk collar and cuffs.	\$5.00
Women's and Misses' \$17.00 and \$18.50 Dresses at	\$5.00	Children's \$6.50 to \$12.50 Coats at	\$2.95
Women's and Misses' \$17.00 and \$18.50 Dresses at	\$5.00	Good practical cold weather coats for school and. They are made of warm heavy mixtures and broad cloth in all colors. It is a store of value. The material is of the best. The price is of the best.	\$2.95

One Cause Produces Two Effects.

Monarch Light Touch

is the cause

This makes both machine and operator last longer.

It does more, it enables both of them to do faster and better work as long as they last.

The Monarch Light Touch eliminates pounding—and the effects of pounding on both the operator and the machine.

Write to us today for the book giving full particulars of the Monarch Light Touch Typewriter

Monarch Department

Remington Typewriter Company (Incorporated)

102 Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

HAVE YOUR PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

COAL! COAL!

Washington Run. Quemahoning Smokeless. Opokaska. Pittsburg Hard and Yough Gas. Wagon Load or Car Load. ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY AT LOW CASH PRICES.

Connellsville Coal Co.

OFFICE AND YARDS, SOUTH ARCH STREET. WE ALWAYS HAVE COAL.

NOT RECOMMENDED

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Oh yes but I don't recommend it."

Sore Throat Prudence.

No family medicine chest is well stocked without a bottle of TONSILINE, for you don't know when you may need it. It is a relief to a sudden case of sore throat. Relieving Sore Throat is TONSILINE's special mission. It is made for that—advised for that—sold for that one purpose. TONSILINE is the on and only Sore Throat Remedy which is sold over a large part of the United States. You'll need TONSILINE one of these days, or some night when the drug store is closed—better have a bottle ready at home when you need it. Most 25c and 50c. Hospital Size \$1.00. All Druggists.

C. C. COMPTON ARCHITECT, Donora, Pa.

Gives all work personal attention. New ideas at the cost of old ones.

J. B. KURTZ, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE, No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connellsville, Pa.

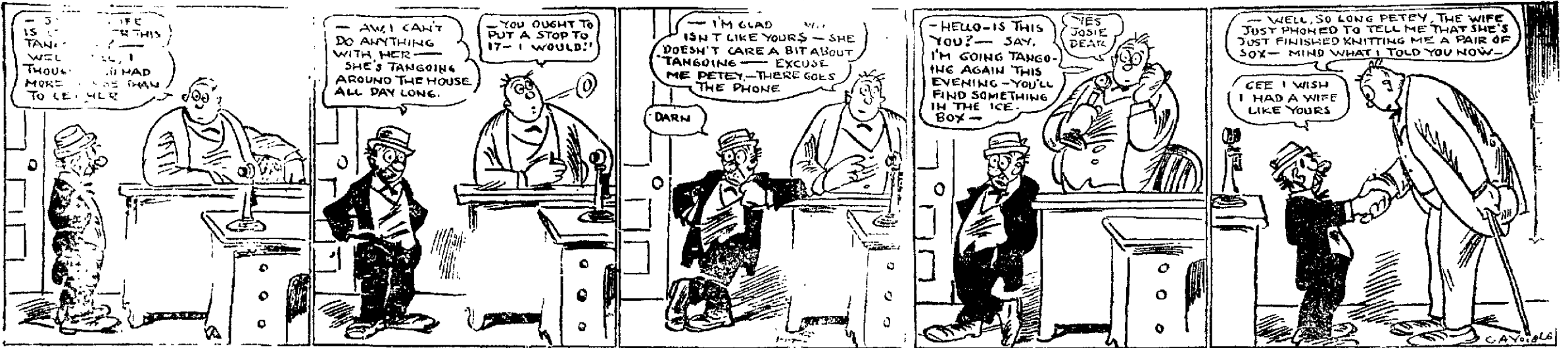
AT THE BACK DOOR

Lady—Haven't you any trade or profession?"

Hobo—I was a very fine musician until but I lost my sight looking for do re mi do music."

Isn't Gink the Gay Deceiver?

By C. A. Voight.



BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF
GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

The Judge had heard and now joined his wife at the window. "What's the matter, mom?"

"Oh, you've spoiled that boy! What he needs is a good spanking."

The Judge was not impressed. Sammie often got on his mother's nerves. He rarely did on his. He smiled. Smiling, he saw the waiting gentleman in motor car and goggles.

"Who's the stranger?"

"I don't know."

But with the country woman's good-



Bob and Clara.

natured civility she left her place by the open window and went out to the porch.

"I beg pardon," said the traveler. "I should like to speak to Mr. Wallace, if you don't mind telling him."

"Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, I'll wait here."

"Shall I give any name, sir?"

"Just say to him that his father is here."

The Judge and his good wife were taken much aback. So this was the great Wallace, the richest and most powerful advertising man in New York city, perhaps in the United States?

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Mrs. Spotswood and vanished within doors while the Judge advanced genially.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Grover Wallace?"

"I am Grover Wallace."

"I'm mighty pleased to meet you, sir. My name is Spotswood—Judge Spotswood."

"Pleased, I'm sure."

"Your son has told me all about you. You have a very fine boy, Mr. Wallace—smart as a steel trap. I've taken a great liking to him. Mr. Jones has just opened up the old house tonight, and we all came over to supper—or dinner, as he calls it. The Judge smiled tolerantly. "Perhaps you'd better come inside."

"No, I'll wait out here."

"Hello, governor!" Bob cried heartily—or tried to exclaim heartily. He was more than a little worried as he sprang through the door, across the porch and down the steps. "Well, you have banded me a surprise!"

His father answered coldly. "You've banded me a surprise, also."

"Why, what's the matter?" Bob knew perfectly, but it is always best to let your adversary state his grievance before you try to answer him. His may force a point or two in his excitement.

"What's that?" Bob came here to find out. "I want to know what the devil is the matter with you."

Broadway had heard the young Mrs. Spotswood had converted the new house to him, and now he himself had been down the steps.

"Have your father come right inside, Bob," he urged, and made himself at home.

He went on to the elder Wallace, holding out his hand, and then, when

it was not seized eagerly, gripping earnestly for Wallace's.

"By gracious, I'm awfully glad to see you! Bob has spoken of you so often and told me so much about you that I feel as if I know you almost as well as he does."

The elder Wallace showed no answering enthusiasm. He only tried to get his hand away from Broadway's cordial grasp.

"Did you know he was coming?"

Broadway demanded of the visitor's son.

"No."

"Well, a little surprise, eh? Well, just in time for dinner. Come along inside and meet the folks. Having a bully time, aren't we, Bob?"

"Yes, fine. This is Jackson Jones, governor. You've heard me speak of him."

"Yes, I've heard of him," his father answered dryly.

"Isn't it strange we never met before?" said Broadway effectively. "Bob and I being such good friends. But we're going to get better acquainted, aren't we, come inside."

"No, thank you. I'd like to speak to my son alone, if you have no objections."

"Oh, why, of course."

As Wallace turned away Broadway had a chance to whisper in Bob's ear: "Any hint wrong?"

"It will be all right. Don't worry."

"Well," said Broadway cordially, as the father and son began to move in silence toward the gate. "I'll expect you in as soon as you're through with your little talk. We'll wait dinner for you."

"You needn't bother, sir," said Grover Wallace firmly.

"Oh, it's no bother at all. I'm only too glad to get the chance to entertain. You know this is my first day in a regular home and I'm having the time of my life. I warned Bob playfully: 'Don't you let him get away, Bob. I'll fix up something extra. I know what he wants.'"

The elder Wallace looked at him for about two seconds with a glance which indicated that he thought him far too unimportant to receive more copious attention. Then he turned severely to his son.

"Now, sir, perhaps you'd like to explain the meaning of all this damned nonsense."

"What nonsense?" Bob knew very well that to which his father made his very earliest reference, but he was sparing to get time to think.

"What are you doing here?"

"Didn't I phone you yesterday? I am here on business." The young man's voice was full of injured innocence.

"Business! Humph! Fine business! Do you realize the sort of contract you've sent in from this concern? Who ever gave you the authority to sign such an agreement for the Empire company?"

"You told me over the phone that I could use my own judgment in the matter and they wired me."

"Well, I didn't suppose I was dealing with a crazy man! Do you know you're guaranteed to cover every eastern and middle western state at a price that wouldn't pay for Pennsylvania alone! What the devil do you mean by making a statement to the consolidated Gum people that the Empire is behind the Jones company?"

Bob was quite legitimately reaping a fine whirlwind harvest. He knew that he had blown down the wind. But he believed that he might make this wind his ally. He said, do you know, still, explanation was a difficult matter.

"Well, I was blinding them, that's all."

"What purpose, sir? You have blinding out of half a million dollars' worth of future contracts that were pending, and you have signed an agreement with this Jones, that, were it given to the public, would make us the

laughing-stock of the advertising world."

Bob saw that in his father's present state of temper the best thing to do was to impress him with the inevitability of it all. Once convince him that what he had done had been done beyond recall, and he would bend the wondrous resourcefulness which had made him giant of the advertising world to the necessary task of making that which had been done successful. He had counted on this quality of his father's intellect and disposition.

"Well, it's too late to kick now, governor, the deal is made. And I have your telegram authorizing me to sign the contract."

"Why didn't you answer my telegrams today?"

"Because I knew you'd come here if I did—and that's what I wanted you to do. I wanted to talk to you—right here, on the ground of a smashing opportunity."

"Go on, I'm listening."

"Well, it's a long story."

"Care to say?"

Bob looked about for some place on the grounds where they might have quiet for a conversation. There was none. The factory was locked up, the hotel was impossible, and the house was in disorder. He knew that only the ground floor had been occupied since Broadway's uncle had departed on the voyage from which he never would return.

"Come and take a little stroll with me," he finally suggested. "No, don't let's take the car. I don't want the man to hear us and I want to get you into a good humor to hear all about it. Wait a minute." He went toward the house to get his hat, and called Broadway as he went. "Oh, Jackson! Say Jackson!"

Broadway appeared at the door.

"The governor and I are going for a little walk. We'll be back in a few minutes."

"Be sure you are. We're waiting dinner for him, and the girls are just crazy to meet him."

The elder Wallace caught the words. Instantly he felt that his suspicions had been justified. Girls! And his son and the young millionaire there with them in the millionaire's own house! "The girls!" he exclaimed with hearty disapproval.

Wallace laughed at him. "Oh, not what you mean—not what you mean, governor! Regular girls. Nice people. You understand."

"Say, Bob, do me a favor, will you? Show your father the plant while you are gone," Broadway called after him.

"I'm going to." Then, as Broadway glanced after them, half worried and half smiling, he heard Bob explaining Jonesville to his skeptical and displeased parent.

"You see," he heard, "this is the residential part of the town. Over there is the business section."

His voice, trailed off into silence as they vanished through the gates.

Broadway smiled. Somehow he was beginning to feel faith in life. For the first time he was busy with real things. The joy of definite effort in man's work had seized him. He was surprised to find himself absorbed in wonder if, perhaps, he might not have a happier life in Jonesville than he had had in New York. But he could not take existence very solemnly! He felt too good.

"Say, Bob, show him the drug store, too," he shouted after the departing pair.

The judge, who had watched the episode with interest from the house windows, came out to Broadway, somewhat worried. "Has he gone for good?"

"No, he's coming back."

"He was mad as a hatter about something. Did you notice it?"

"Yes; and I think I know what it is."

"Something the young fellow did?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Nothing wrong?"

"I hope not."

The judge spoke with emphasis, and thought himself a really good judge of human nature. "Oh, I'm sure it can't be. If I can estimate character, that young man is incapable of anything but good." He looked at Broadway almost with a fatherly affection. "He's a great friend of yours, is he?"

"I should say he is!"

Broadway gazed after them, wondering what all of this would end in. But he was not greatly worried. Indeed, he felt singularly light-hearted, and found it hard to choke back laughter when he heard the judge expostulate with his wife, referring to the early evening hour as if it had been midnight. Come on, ma, the old man was arguing, almost pettishly, "we've got to get toward home. It's after seven o'clock already!"

She sighed. She did not wish to go. She had never before had an opportunity to poke around in the great Jones house, filled with treasures from far countries, books in foreign languages, family portraits by extraordinary painters who could make a human face look like a granite mask, Rogers' statues and other objects of high art, to say nothing of ornate and tasteful articles of mahogany, furniture—could not venture, and up-bolstered in the very slipperiest hair-cloth.

"It's after seven o'clock," the judge repeated.

"Yes, I suppose we must be going," said his wife reluctantly.

"Mom's generally abed by eight," the judge said proudly.

"Except Saturday nights," she granted. "I sometimes sit up till ten on Saturdays." This was evidently false, for she had been in bed since the afternoon of the day before.

"But then," she added, "we sleep till all hours Sunday. Sometimes I don't get up till after six."

She smiled at Broadway; he smiled back at her and choked a word of comment which had risen to his lips. That gave him, in his heart, a queer feeling of elation—almost as great as that which he had felt after he had located Pembroke. Broadway felt, and was glowing up with great rapidity.

"Come on, Clara," Mrs. Spotswood called. The two girls were in a porch swing, giggling.

"You're not all going to leave me, are you?" Broadway said protestingly.

Clara, who had risen obediently, looked about the group. "Where's Mr. Wallace?" she demanded. Her interest in him was constant. She had heard nothing of the elder Wallace's arrival.

"He's gone to take a stroll with his father."

"Oh, is his father here?" This astonished and excited her. "Oh, I'm just crazy to see him! Aren't you, Josie?"

"I should like to, yes," Josie replied. Jackson pleaded with the Judge and Mrs. Spotswood. "You don't mind if Clara stays a little while do you?" Then he turned to Josie. "You're not in a hurry, are you, Miss Richards?"

"Why, no; but—"

"Please don't go," he urged. "I can't bear to be left alone."

"Well," said Mrs. Spotswood, with the best of humor, "you girls remain here and keep Broadway company till Mr. Wallace gets back." She turned to her husband. "It's all right, isn't it, Judge?"

"Yes, I guess so," he agreed, without too much enthusiasm. "But don't be late, Clara."

"I won't, pa."

With much straightening of her best silk skirts, with many smiles from and for Broadway, with a fluttering in her heart when she thought about young Wallace and her daughter, Mrs. Spots-

wood took the judge's arm majestically. "Good night, Broadway; had a lovely time."

"Did you, really?" He very definitely hoped she had.

She nodded. "Sorry Sammy acted so mean."

"Now, Sammy's all right," said Jackson reassuringly.

"That's what I keep telling her," the judge complained.

She shook her head in deprecation of such praises for a member of her family. "Pa, you've spoiled that boy."

The judge protested in his usual way. "Mom, please!" he pleaded. He did not want a long discussion about this just then. He glanced at Broadway reassuringly. "Good night, my boy. See you in the morning."

And then the good-nights echoed back and forth till the old couple had passed on, cheered enormously by the trend of things in Jonesville, genuinely pleased by Broadway, timorously worrying about Wallace and their daughter—the apple of their joint domestic eye.

The girls and Jackson found cool and comfortable seats in the porch swing, the porch was screened against mosquitoes, but open to the fresh, cool summer breeze.

Clara was a little worried. "Pa said Mr. Wallace's father was angry about something. Was he?"

"Well," Broadway admitted, "he wasn't in the best of humor. I guess it was nothing serious."

"Oh, I hope not. I wish I could get a good look at him. I'm interested in him."

"Josie's mind was on business. With all her soul she hoped that Broadway, having so gallantly (she thought superbly) defied the trial, would win a handsome victory. And she had a clever business head and competent business training. "Do you think it was the advertising contract that brought him here?"

"I don't think there's any doubt about it."

She nodded. "I thought it was a pretty liberal contract."

"Liberal?" he agreed. "It was criminal! I told him so when he fixed it up. I don't blame the old gentleman at all. He gave the swing a very urgent push, which made both girls scream a little with the fun of it. "Did you enjoy the day?"

"Very much, indeed," said Josie. "Did you, really? We must have such dinners often. If we don't."

"Are you afraid that you'll find Jonesville lonely, after New York city?"

"Well, I can manage to endure the mad excitement of it. I imagine if you all come often. Maybe I shall bring on a Japanese cook I had in New York."

"A Japanese cook!" Both girls were fascinated.

"Well, come often when you get him here!" Josie promised.

Clara giggled. "Don't you let her fool with you. We'll come often whether you have him here or not."

Swinging by an opening in the vines which screened the porch, Clara and Josie cried out joyfully. "Oh, I see him! I see him! I see him!"

"Who? My Jap boy?"

"Bob." And then she blushed furiously, rivaling the sunset's radiant pink.

CHAPTER XIV.

Clara had run down the steps, leaving the swing vibrating somewhat jerkily from the speed of her abandonment of it, declaring that she wished to get a sight of the elder Mr. Wallace, even if he did not choose to stop and talk when he came up. She had noted that the chauffeur, seeing the father and son approach, had already started his engine. Her desertion left Broadway and Josie in the swing alone together.

He laughed. "Did you notice that? She calls him 'Bob.' I heard him call her 'Clara' 16 times today."

Josie smiled. "Yes, I noticed that."

Clara was strangely intent upon her answer. He was confused, although he did not know the reason why. And then, suddenly, he knew. Finding that he knew, he found himself still more confused.

"Did you notice it?" he asked, with intense earnestness, knowing, somehow, that he was an ass. "I didn't think you noticed it."

Josie thrilled, but found it hard to another laughter—not wholly that of ridicule, mostly that of joyousness. She made no other answer.

He looked around them at the broad veranda, with its pillared, old colonial doorway and wide windows; his eyes paused along the visible front of the enormous house itself, surveyed the spreading lawn, now dusky with the evening shadows of magnificent old trees, and the curving graveled drive, examined all, indeed, that he could see of the superb and spacious old Jones place.

"Nice little house, isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, I just love it!" It was, indeed, the show place of the town, and few were the local maidens who had not dreamed dreams of some time living in a mansion like it—dreamed wonderful dreams, speculative or ungrounded sensations of vast wealth.

"Do you?"

"Why, yes. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Broadway, now looking not at the great house or any portion of the splendid grounds, but straight at her, although she was not sure of this because the light had very nearly failed. "I'm just crazy about it."

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"Bob." And then she blushed furiously, rivaling the sunset's radiant pink.

CHAPTER XIV.

Clara had run down the steps, leaving the swing vibrating somewhat jerkily from the speed of her abandonment of it, declaring that she wished to get a sight of the elder Mr. Wallace, even if he did not choose to stop and talk when he came up. She had noted that the chauffeur, seeing the father and son approach, had already started his engine. Her desertion left Broadway and Josie in the swing alone together.

He laughed. "Did you notice that? She calls him 'Bob.' I heard him call her 'Clara' 16 times today."

Josie smiled. "Yes, I noticed that."

Clara was strangely intent upon her answer. He was confused, although he did not know the reason why. And then, suddenly, he knew. Finding that he knew, he found himself still more confused.

"Did you notice it?" he asked, with intense earnestness, knowing, somehow, that he was an ass. "I didn't think you noticed it."

Josie thrilled, but found it hard to another laughter—not wholly that of ridicule, mostly that of joyousness. She made no other answer.

He looked around them at the broad veranda, with its pillared, old colonial doorway and wide windows; his eyes paused along the visible front of the enormous house itself, surveyed the spreading lawn, now dusky with the evening shadows of magnificent old trees, and the curving graveled drive, examined all, indeed, that he could see of the superb and spacious old Jones place.

"Nice little house, isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, I just love it!" It was, indeed, the show place of the town, and few were the local maidens who had not dreamed dreams of some time living in a mansion like it—dreamed wonderful dreams, speculative or ungrounded sensations of vast wealth.

"Do you?"

"Why, yes. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Broadway, now looking not at the great house or any portion of the splendid grounds, but straight at her, although she was not sure of this because the light had very nearly failed. "I'm just crazy about it."

And then the good-nights echoed back and forth till the old couple had passed on, cheered enormously by the trend of things in Jonesville, genuinely pleased by Broadway, timorously worrying about Wallace and their daughter—the apple of their joint domestic eye.

The girls and Jackson found cool and comfortable seats in the porch swing, the porch was screened against mosquitoes, but open to the fresh, cool summer breeze.

Clara was a little worried. "Pa said Mr. Wallace's father was angry about something. Was he?"

"Well," Broadway admitted, "he wasn't in the best of humor. I guess it was nothing serious."

"Oh, I hope not. I wish I could get a good look at him. I'm interested in him."

"Josie's mind was on business. With all her soul she hoped that Broadway, having so gallantly (she thought superbly) defied the trial, would win a handsome victory. And she had a clever business head and competent business training. "Do you think it was the advertising contract that brought him here?"

"I don't think there's any doubt about it."

She nodded. "I thought it was a pretty liberal contract."

"Liberal?" he agreed. "It was criminal! I told him so when he fixed it up. I don't blame the old gentleman at all. He gave the swing a very urgent push, which made both girls scream a little with the fun of it. "Did you enjoy the day?"

"Very much, indeed," said Josie. "Did you, really? We must have such dinners often. If we don't."

"Are you afraid that you'll find Jonesville lonely, after New York city?"

"Well, I can manage to endure the mad excitement of it. I imagine if you all come often. Maybe I shall bring on a Japanese cook I had in New York."

"A Japanese cook!" Both girls were fascinated.

"Well, come often when you get him here!" Josie promised.

Clara giggled. "Don't you let her fool with you. We'll come often whether you have him here or not."

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that's all!"

She laughed and so did he. He had not much idea what he really was saying.

"It is."

"And some people say it's wonderful."

"It is—truly wonderful."

"I don't understand."

"Nobody understands Broadway," he answered. "People hate it, yet they don't know why. People love it, yet they don't know why. I don't. It's just because it's Broadway."

"Is it a mystery?"

"That's what it is—a mystery." He shook his head in thought.

The subject had lost interest to her—because she did not know its fascinations. "I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning. Tomorrow's Sunday."

He was astonished. He had been thinking of Broadway. There are churches on that thoroughfare, but they are not so brightly lighted as some other of its structures. "What's that again?"

"I say I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning."

"Well—I've been going to Church every Sunday night." He laughed a little, then exclaimed, not loudly: "Broadway!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, I was just thinking what a great thing it would be if I made a success of this business."

"Why, you're going to," she said confidently.

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it if you will make up your mind to work—to keep busy."

(To Be Continued.)

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